"Bertie" Edwards
Remittance man

Irreplaceable Eye Opener
R. 30,000
R. B. Bennett

half starved, as he had been existing on a diet of clear tea, either so weak it was helpless, or so strong it was likr lye, hard bannocks and melted butter.

He couldn't get the lids off the cans of beans or milk; he didn't know how to get the eggs out of their shells to fry, nor did he know how to boil them. The butter kept on a shelf above the stove had melted, and he didn't know that it would harden if put in a cool place.

Begin

To Bob Edwards, of course, the remittance men were a source of never-ending delight. He made up a famous remmitance man character whom he called Albert Buzzard-Cholmondeley, son of Sir John Buzzard-Cholmondeley, of Skookingham Hall, Skookingham Hants, England. "Bertie" as he was affectionately known, was making his way in Alberta, and finding the going very tough. He was usually down, but "never completely out".

From time to time, in the pages of the Eye Opener, "Bertie" felt it necessary to write a letter to his folks in England. This one is typical:

"Dear father:

Since you have not heard from me for some time, I thought a line might be of some interest to the family, showing, at least, that I am well. I often think of dear old Skookingham Hall, and the shooting. Is old John, the

head game-keeper still with you?

I ran across a copy of "Truth" a couple of years ago, and noticed that Violet, who was always my favorite sister, was married to the Earl of Pockingham. I well remember Pockingham. He was my fag at Eton, and not a half-bad chap. There should be some fine shooting on his estate. How I should enjoy one of our good old grouse drives again! The only shooting I have done out here of late years, has been at craps -- a different species of game from grouse or partridge.

But about things in this country. The few thousand pounds you gave me to start farming in Manitoba, are duly invested in a farm. In my labors I had several assistants: Hi Walker, Joe Seagram, Johnny Walker and J. Dewar . . . men of great strength and fiery temperament. They soon became my masters, so it was not long before I had no farm. I then quit farming and went to tending bar for a hotel-keeper in a neighboring town. This fellow's prosperity seems to have dated from the hour of my arrival in the country.

The love of liquor, which is inherent in my blood, and which I must have inherited either from you or from my grandfather, made me a failure as a bar-tender, and I soon got the bounce. So I packed up my things in a large

I soon got the bounce. So I looked up an old friend and

envelope, and hit the trail for the West, where I went cowpunching . . . worked all summer until the beef-gather, then lost all my earnings in one disatrous night of poker. After a long, hard winter working as cookee for a timber camp, I struck for the Peace River Country, where I am now knocking life out, to keep life in. You can get five gallons of whiskey at a crack, if you have a Government permit.

I am married to a half-breed and have three ornery-looking, copper-colored brats. We are all coming over to visit you at Christmas time, when you will be having the usual big party at the hall. The hall will be quite a change for my wife, from the log shacks and tepees she has been used to all her life.

If I only had about a thousand pounds right now, to start afresh, I would invest it all in cattle right away, settle down to business, and forgo the pleasures of a trip home and remain right here. But I do not know where to lay my hands on that amount.

With love and kisses to mother and the girls, your affectionate son,

Albert Buzzard-Cholomondeley.

Without doubt, "Bertie" got his thousand pounds.